

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

GHH

Support person present: No

1. My name is GHH. I am known as GHH. My date of birth is 1950. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born in the Ruchill area of Glasgow. My parents were and . I have four older sisters, one older brother and two younger brothers. My siblings are born as follows; , , , , and . I am third youngest. There is about a year to a year and a half between all of us.
3. After I was born, we lived in the Ruchill area but we moved so many times. I was constantly moving around. I can remember living in in Ruchill, in Cowcaddens, and in the city centre. The home which I remember most is in Carntyne.
4. My father was in prison for much of my childhood. He was a bank robber and served a sentence of seven years for bank robbery and ten years imprisonment for hijacking. We lived in Carntyne at that time. I only saw him once a year up until I was about eight or nine. He would be sent from Peterhead prison to Barlinnie prison for a visit.
5. One of my first memories of my home life was of my father who must have come home drunk and angry and smashed a bottle of wine off the table and onto the floor. The

glass bottle smashed into pieces. The glass shattered everywhere and my 'pinkie' finger was cut. That's the first memory of violence that I can remember.

6. I don't have many good memories of my mother. She was an alcoholic and didn't work. My mother was also quite a violent woman. She used to beat us with an iron poker from the fire. She used to whack us on the legs. When we lived in [REDACTED] in the city centre, my mother used to send my sisters and me out into the street to pick up cigarette butts to bring home. She used to roll them up in newspaper and smoke them.
7. One time, at home, I remember there was banging and shouting at the door. My sisters were poking butter knives through the letterbox at men who were trying to get in to get to my mother. I don't know if these were men she had met at the pub and who were looking for something in return for buying her drinks all night.
8. I do have some happier memories of her. Every Tuesday, she got a Family Allowance payment so she would go to the post office and buy us rolls and spam. She would buy me and my brothers the Dandy and my sisters the Bunty. That was a really good memory.
9. At that time, there were only seven children in the house because my older brother, [REDACTED], had been taken away by the welfare department. He was sent to work on a farm in Tiree. He found his way back to Glasgow. I finally met him when he was sixteen. I would have been about eleven or twelve.
10. We stopped moving around when we moved to the house in [REDACTED] in Carntyne. It was the first proper house we lived in because there were three bedrooms and a bathroom and a kitchen. The previous homes were all single-ends with outside toilets.
11. The social work department were always involved. We were taken away so many times. However, I think the first time I went into care I was four or five. I went to another children's home when I was six or seven and then another one. I don't have many

memories of that time. I remember being with my two younger brothers but never with my sisters. I don't even know if any of my sisters went into care. I haven't asked them.

12. I can remember going to places in Castlemilk, Govan, Castle Toward, Dunclutha and vaguely remember being in foster care. I can remember sitting on a sofa and looking out a window at trees. I don't know how long I was in any of these places.

13. The social work office was in Martha Street in Glasgow. We would sometimes go there when we had scabies and lice. They would shave our heads and paint our bodies with a white solution. I have some good memories of going there too. They would give us new shoes, trousers and a sweater.

14. I have a slight memory of the home in Castlemilk. Secondary Institutions - to be published later
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15. During this time, I seemed to go backwards and forwards to children's homes. I was going to these homes and when I came out nothing seemed to have changed. I don't know why I was allowed to go back home again.

16. One time I went to stay with my grandmother in Possil. It was good because she always made lots of soups. I had to stay in a room in the attic and it was freezing cold. I would have a blanket around me so I would fall asleep.

17. I think my brothers, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were in Castle Toward with me. Secondary Institutions - to be published later
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18. Secondary Institutions - to be published later
- Secondary Institutions - I only have vague memories of Castlemilk, Castle Toward and Dunclotha.
19. The first time I got into trouble was after we moved to Carntyne. I don't have any memories of being in trouble before that as a younger child. I went to Townhead Primary first, then I moved to Parkhead Primary.
20. My mother died when I was ten or eleven. She was forty two years old. My father was serving a prison sentence, but he was allowed to come accompanied to the funeral. I can remember him trying to make advances to a female neighbour at the funeral which was awful.
21. After my mother died, my sister, [REDACTED], who was sixteen, took care of me initially. We continued to live in the house at [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] was pregnant and unmarried. In the end, she actually married the man and had a very good life with him. She took care of us for a while. Somebody must have intervened because [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were taken away. My other sister [REDACTED] took them. She was a very clever woman who was well-known for selling flowers outside [REDACTED] in Glasgow. In later years, [REDACTED] became a successful business woman.
22. The welfare stepped in and sent me to live with my other sister, [REDACTED] and her husband in Shettleston. He was in the military and used to drive me mad shouting orders all the time.
23. While we still had the house in Carntyne my father came out of prison. He hired a painter and decorator and decorated the whole house. We went to a furniture shop in Glasgow Cross and he bought a three-piece sofa and chairs and a radiogram and a television. I remember him handing over a big, red, one hundred pound note. He bought us new clothes and I got a real racing bike. I have some quite good memories

of that time in Carntyne. However, it only lasted two or three years before my father was back in prison. I remember the police coming to the house searching for things which I later learned were explosives. At that age, the police coming was quite a weird experience and as a result, I became quite anti-authority.

24. After getting into a fight with somebody in the playground at Wellshot Road, I was expelled and sent to school in Dennistoun. I was starting to become aware of the world around me and had begun to feel angry. I think I was angry about my circumstances. It was then that the trouble really started and I was hanging around with local gangs. The gangs were the Monks, the Tongs and the Powry. I went around with a gang called [REDACTED] in Calton.
25. I left school at fifteen and started breaking into shops and stealing. Eventually I was caught and sent to Larchgrove Remand Home. After being on remand in Larchgrove, I was sent to Kibble School when I was still fifteen.

Larchgrove Remand Home

26. When I was in Larchgrove, some of my friends came to see me and broke in. They got to my window and were saying "let's get you out of here". They were trying to get me to escape but I told them no. I was a bit too afraid of the repercussions of being caught and having to spend more time there. I think my father being a well-known bank robber gave me a certain status. It was like being a celebrity but the wrong kind of celebrity. I can't remember any names of the staff in Larchgrove. I only remember some of their nicknames like "skinny", "bowelly" or "fatty".
27. While I was there, I wrote a letter to my sister [REDACTED]. You had to hand your letter in and I think they were censored. The head teacher called me into his office and told me that I was a good boy. The letter I had written was so nice. He told me that I wasn't bad. It was a nice thing for him to say but I was young and didn't take much notice. I was there for a couple of weeks.

28. I went to court in Glasgow, I think it was the Magistrate's court. My sister [REDACTED] was there. I stood up and they read out my sentence. I was told I was going to an approved school. I think I had broken into a car and a shop. I can't recall being told how long I was going for or if they actually said it was Kibble.
29. I don't really recall if I was taken in a police van or if someone from Kibble was sent to pick me up. If I think of myself in those days, I imagine I was probably quite proud that I was going to place like jail or "housey" as we called it.

Kibble School, Paisley

Layout

30. I can remember it was like a big mansion with a peak roof. When you went in, you went through a door which took you into offices. The governor's office was on the left side. There were another two offices on the right side. There were stairs which led to the next floor. There was also a downstairs which led to a gym which had a gym style floor with table tennis. There were classrooms there. Inside the gym there was another door which took you into a corridor which led to the dining area and kitchen. The kitchen was attached to the dining area. I think there were showers on the corridor. They were all on the ground floor. You could go out the back kitchen door to a concrete yard. There was a paint shop and a football field at the very back of it.
31. I can't remember much about my first day. I remember seeing a couple of people I knew when I went down to the gym area. I just joined them in conversation and discussed what we were there for etc. I went to SNR [REDACTED] office too. SNR [REDACTED] was called GHK [REDACTED]. He spoke to me and told me the rules. Everybody had to go there. Sometimes we would all have a meeting with him in the gym area.
32. I don't know how many people were in Kibble. I think there were about twenty or thirty people there. They were all boys. The oldest was sixteen or seventeen and the youngest was fifteen. I was one of the youngest boys. The boys came from different

places. We used to call them 'teuchtars'. There was a boy from the Highlands who had a really strong accent.

Staff

33. SNR [REDACTED] GHK [REDACTED] was quite fat so everyone used to call him 'GHK [REDACTED]'. There was another member of staff known as 'GHI [REDACTED]'. He was called that because he had a big beard. I don't know his real name. I'm not sure what GHI [REDACTED] role was but he was quite strict and had a strong accent, which was possibly Aberdonian. He was quite a frightening character. There was a man called GHJ [REDACTED]. I ended up working with him in the paint shop.
34. There were various shops such as the paint shop, a joiner's shop and a bricklayer's shop. I can't remember the joiner's name. There was also a school teacher. When you first went into Kibble, you went into an assessment class. After that, you were allocated a job, maybe working in the kitchen or cleaning, or in one of the shops.
35. The staff got paid overtime at the weekends so they would sometimes come in and do jobs. I think there might have been a woman who worked there too but I can't remember her name. I can't really remember anybody else.
36. While I was there they renovated the place. I think it was a bit dilapidated. I think they were trying to make some improvements in the living conditions. After a while, possibly about six months, they made the dormitory into single rooms which were all open with no doors. The partitions were sheets of ply wood. Each 'room' had a big bed in it and a side table. You could hear people talking on the other side of the partition. I think they gave us a book too. I'm not sure if some people's family gave those books. I don't remember reading books properly until I went to borstal. I read hundreds there. The place wasn't locked. You could walk out or run away any time if you had wanted.
37. Around the time the dormitory changed, I was getting really upset and fighting. A psychiatrist came to see me and asked me why I was behaving in that way. I remember

they asked if it was due to the change of the mattress because they had given us a big, soft mattress which was different from the old, horse hair mattress.

Mornings and bedtime

38. I think we got up at around seven in the morning. We brushed our teeth and washed our faces. We would go and sit in a gym area downstairs. The staff would call us for breakfast in the dining room. After breakfast, we went back through the corridor and if you smoked, they gave you half of a Woodbine cigarette. We used to break them between the 'b' and the 'd' which was exactly a half and give half to the guy next to you.
39. It depended how long you had been there, but you either went to school or to your job. After I'd been there a while, I used to go outside into the yard at the paint shop. I would sit around the paint shop or in the yard. Sometimes there would a job for me to do such as painting a door. I liked it and I became a painter and decorator later on. It was doing things like daily maintenance work.
40. At night time, we used to play ping pong. We didn't have a television or anything. We went to bed around eight or nine o'clock. I don't remember seeing any staff at night time. After you went to bed, you didn't really see anyone until morning. There would be someone there but they wouldn't be in the sleeping area.
41. There was a lot of fighting and back chat between the boys in the dorm. The boy who was known as the best fighter, the 'donner' would automatically have the role of keeping people under control. The boy was called [REDACTED]. He was a good fighter. He would shout things like "shut the fuck up or I'll batter your head in". It would quieten down for a while then it would start up again and it went on and on. The staff just sat downstairs smoking fags and drinking cups of tea. They didn't take anything to do with it.

Mealtimes/Food

42. We had our meals in the dining hall. You were given a three course meal every time. You had soup, a main meal and a pudding. I hadn't had many of those in my life. The food was good. The meals were supervised because there were often fights in the dining hall too. The bricklayer or the carpenter were always hanging around. There was always a bully trying to steal someone's pudding. Nobody tried to take my pudding. I don't recall anybody not eating their food. It was possibly going on but I wasn't aware.

Washing/bathing

43. We had showers. I think there were maybe six. They were usually cold. The showers were open. It was a bit strange because I was fifteen and you could see the boy next to you. I found it a bit embarrassing. I don't think we showered every day, it was three days a week.

Clothing/uniform

44. I think they issued us with clothes but I can't remember everybody wearing a shirt for example. I'm not really sure what we wore but it wasn't our own clothes.

Leisure time

45. We played football outside. Most of the time we just played ourselves. One time we went to play against another school called Mossbank. I think the boys there were a bit younger. I met someone who was in the same gang as me. We ended up having a fight with Mossbank. I don't know how it even happened. We didn't go back there again. I think the staff tried to get someone off of someone else but it was all a bit too much and people were all fighting with one another.

46. The weekends were just like any other day. We would play football at the weekends. We would get out for two or three hours. Apart from that, we were just sitting indoors. Sometimes we sat out in the yard depending on the weather.

Trips and holidays

47. Sometimes we went out to a field and picked turnips. It was called 'tumsie shawing'. We went to fields 'tottie picking' too. We weren't paid, we maybe got something like a boiled egg as a treat. I think it was just part of the programme.
48. On another occasion, they took us to Ailsa Craig. We stayed in chalets or huts. I can remember it being really damp and cold. I think we were away for about three days. We were surrounded by trees and plants. We walked around looking at it all. I think they did that to give us some sense of freedom. I don't think they took the whole school but there were a lot of us. They probably selected some boys, possibly about ten.

Schooling

49. At the beginning, you got some form of lessons. Most people had left school by fifteen so we didn't sit exams.

Healthcare / medication

50. There was a nurse there who would deal with things like if someone had cut their leg. I can't really remember her. I certainly don't remember going to see her. I don't think there was a doctor.

Birthdays and Christmas

51. Our birthday wasn't celebrated. It was more a case of your friends just giving you 'the dumps'. I think we got a good meal at Christmas and Easter time. I can't recall seeing a Christmas tree.

52. I think the letters we sent home were checked by someone because they weren't in a sealed envelope. They were usually handed directly to GHK I don't remember my sister [REDACTED], telling me that she received any of my letters. Although I probably only wrote one letter when I first arrived to say that everything was okay.
53. You could get 'day leave' so that you could go out in the morning and come back at, say eight o'clock at night. You could also get 'weekend leave' which meant that you went out on the Saturday morning and come back on the Sunday night.
54. When I was allowed out on home leave, I went to stay with my sister, [REDACTED], because she still had the house in Carntyne so there was a room there for me. Most of the time I went to hang around with my friends, someone would have a place where we could have a party so I basically didn't spend much time in the house.

Running away

55. I didn't run away from Kibble. I thought about not going back when I was out on home leave but I always went back. Some of my friends tried to encourage me to stay out and go to parties and meet girls but, I think, I knew if I got caught that I would have to do a longer time in Kibble. Some of my friends were caught doing other crimes when they had run away. They wouldn't go back to Kibble and would end up in a borstal.
56. My dad had told me to stay out of trouble when he visited me. SNR [REDACTED] would say things like, "you don't want to end up like your father, and you'll spend ten years in prison". It was quite a frightening prospect. Ten years seemed like a long time when you were young. It was bad enough in the approved school because I wanted to go out and do things like go to the dancing and to meet lassies and I couldn't. You couldn't do any of that when you were in the approved school. Sometimes a member of staff would have the radio in the school so we could hear The Rolling Stones or something.

Bedwetting

57. I can remember one boy who used to wet the bed. We used to call him "pish the bed" and sing a song about his soiled underpants, it was something about "gold in the valley, gold in the river and the sea". He was, sort of, looked down upon by the other boys. The staff didn't punish him for wetting the bed.

Discipline

58. My experience at Kibble was good and bad. The good times were meeting lots of new people and making new friends. It was a bit like being part of a fraternity. It could be quite disciplined at times but it could also be easy going. I think once you had a routine of going to work and then going on outings it was better. It wasn't a harsh environment.
59. You could be released in a year, it depended on things such as your behaviour. If you misbehaved you would lose privileges and be kept in there longer. There was nothing physical.

Visitors and Family contact

60. I used to get letters from my sister, [REDACTED] and some of the girls in the gang. While I was there, I was interviewed for a television programme, it was the BBC or ITV. During the interview, I said that I stole to get money for clothes. I also said that it made me worse being in the approved school.
61. I can't remember anyone coming from the welfare coming to see me. There must have been some form of communication about where I was going to go when I was released. I can't remember any inspections while I was there either.

Abuse at Kibble

GHK

62. GHK called me into his office and told me that my dad was coming to visit but that it depended on my behaviour. He said "you've not been very good, you've been fighting". I don't know if he was reprimanding me because of my comment about the approved school making things worse during the TV interview.
63. In his office, I sat there while he was behind a desk and a chair. He told me to pull the chair closer to him while he talked about how my behaviour had to be better. He said that I had a day of leave coming up soon. He reached over and put his hand on my thigh. I turned myself away from him. He said "you listen and follow the rules if you want to meet your father". He started to fondle my genitals then after about two or three minutes he took his hand away. There was nothing more. It feels strange to say this but I kind of got aroused by the sensation. GHK told me that I had to behave again and told me to leave. As I left his office my immediate thinking was "I'm a poof" because I'd felt the tickling sensation. Inside, I was thinking "oh my god I must be a poof".
64. It was the first time anyone had touched or molested me and left me feeling really confused. I didn't know what to think because I had been going around like I was some kind of tough guy. I thought I should have punched him or attacked him or something. It made me feel really guilty because I didn't do anything about it. I felt as though I should have knocked him out and the fact I hadn't meant that I must be a 'poof'. It was a negative, confusing feeling. I remember thinking if anybody inside there ever knew about it, I would be an outcast. I kept it to myself and didn't mention it to anyone. It never happened again with him. It stuck in my mind because of how it made me feel about myself.
65. After the incident in GHK office, my dad came to visit. There were two prison wardens there. He asked if anyone was bullying me or making trouble for me and if the staff were treating me well. I wouldn't have told him anything.

GHJ

66. I can't remember the dates but it was maybe a week or two after the incident with GHK GHJ called me into the paint shop with another boy, GHJ pulled out a box of fifty cigarettes. He gave one to me and one to GHJ. He had never given us any cigarettes before. He said to GHJ "your dad brought them in, you've got to share them with GHJ". I don't know if my dad had asked GHJ dad to take them into Kibble to give to me. It was my introduction to GHJ. He was from the south side of Glasgow. We became pals.
67. Another time, when I was out in the back yard, I went into the paint shop, I banged on the door and GHJ opened it. I asked him for a cigarette, he gave me one. I was standing smoking it and he sort of repeated something similar to what GHK had said to me. He said "you're due out for leave soon". Then he said, "but it depends on the reports, if you're working well and not getting in trouble". He grabbed my hand and put it on his crotch, I pulled my hand away and he pulled it back again, he kept it there while he said "you just do what you're told, you've got to behave yourself".
68. GHJ was quite a big man. He started rubbing my hand around his crotch. He pulled his zip down and stuck my hand inside his trousers and held my hand on his genitals. He was moving my hand up and down like masturbating. I was in a panic but he was too big and strong so there was nothing I could do about it. About five minutes later he ejaculated and some of it went on me. He picked up a painter's rag and told me to wipe it. He gave me a cigarette. I was shaking. He told me to take a pot of paint and to go and paint a door in the larder. When I finished the job, I didn't want to go back into the paint shop. I just left the pot of paint and the brush outside and went back into the gym area.
69. My mind was tumbling again. I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to talk about it to any of the boys. The next day, I had to go back to the paint shop, GHJ was there and gave me a cigarette. He asked me if I had told anyone about what had happened. He said "don't you be talking to anybody". I told him I hadn't. He didn't touch me again.

Again, it was really confusing. I felt guilty because I hadn't done anything. I just tried to blank it out of my mind, ignored it and pretended it didn't happen and went about daily life keeping it to myself.

70. The worst thing that happened was when we went Grouse beating. It was really bad and it really messed with my head. The first time I was touched I felt like it was my fault and the second time I felt like I'd been forced to do something so I felt angry about him doing that. In the lead up to the grouse beating, they were all telling me that I was due day leave.

Grouse beating

71. They told about ten of us that we were going grouse beating the next day. I didn't even know what grouse beating was. The next morning, they took us out on in an army truck which had canvass around the sides. We were all sitting in the back of the truck. There was a driver and GHI was with him. We drove for around an hour.
72. We arrived at a really big house which looked like a mansion. We got out the truck and all sat in the yard outside. It was still early in the morning. A woman came out of the house. She was talking to GHI. She went into the house and came out with a big tray of sandwiches. They were really nice, there were ham ones and cheese ones. We sat outside eating the sandwiches with a cup of tea. I could hear dogs barking in the near distance. At that point, I was thinking that it was nice to be out for the day.
73. After we'd eaten, they took us to fields and gave us all a stick with a flag on it. They put us in a line, we were standing two to three metres apart, and told us to start walking. We were waving the flags and the birds started coming. We kept walking and the next thing the birds started dropping and dogs were running around barking and picking up the birds. All the guns were firing and birds were falling everywhere. After a few minutes, they told us to sit down for half an hour. Then told us to go back and start walking and the whole thing repeated itself.

74. We stopped at around twelve noon and had a big lunch. The food was unbelievable. There was a table full of strawberries and fresh cream and different kinds of pastries. It was a massive feast. We all got stuck in. After we finished eating we were told to go back to the fields and it was the same thing again with the dogs running and catching the grouse. At about four or five o'clock in the evening we went back to the truck. Again we sat down and they gave us more sandwiches. GHI said "right everybody onto the truck". He said "hey you GHH not you GHH". He had a big, brown parcel in his hand. He said "you're going home". I told him that I had no money or means of getting home.
75. GHI gave the woman from earlier the parcel. He said the lady will take you inside. She took me inside the house and told me to get washed and dressed, handing me the parcel. She was quite a stout woman, maybe about forty or fifty. She was dressed like a maid in a long, black dress with a white apron. After getting washed and changed, I just sat in the room. My clothes were in the brown parcel.
76. About an hour later, she came to get me and told me to go downstairs. I went downstairs and saw a living room. There were lots of people and dogs around during the day but it was quiet now. There were a couple of men sitting at a table with a bottle of wine or cognac. The men were about forty to fifty. I can't really remember their attire but they were dressed smartly with suit trousers and a shirt. I can't remember their height but they were taller than me. One of the men might have been the owner of the house. I asked "when am I going home?" I said "I don't have any money." The men said "it's okay you'll be going home tomorrow, we'll take you to the station." I thought this was great as it meant that I was getting my whole day's leave the following day.
77. The men were asking me questions such as where was I from. They gave me cigarettes while I answered their questions. They gave me a glass of wine and I remember feeling quite happy and relaxed. I immediately felt quite tipsy. Then I had another glass. I felt grown up. The lady came back and brought some food. The two men were mostly chatting to each other while I had some food and more wine. I felt sleepy and a wee bit drunk. I think I was tired from being out in the field all day.

78. The next thing I remember was lying on a bed with a guy on top of me. I maybe wasn't fully conscious and I think I fell back to sleep again. I woke up the next morning thinking "what happened?" because I vaguely remembered being on the bed with a man. I felt pain in my rectum.
79. The woman came in again and told me to get washed, dressed and to come down. When I went down, I went into the hall area and she told me to come outside. There was a man outside waiting in a car. I told her that I didn't have any money for a train ticket and she said it was okay and that he would take care of everything. I don't know if I was feeling hungover but I didn't know what was going on. The man took me to a train station. It might have been Paisley because Kibble was in Paisley but I'm not sure. I managed to get a train to Glasgow and ended up at my sister's house.
80. Again, I felt like I was wrong and that it was my fault. The worst part of it was the confusion. I don't know if anything had been done to the wine but I had two or three large glasses. I think it would have made me drunk but I don't think that it would have knocked me out or made me unconscious. All I remember is being naked and being woken up by a man lying on top of me. I have no reflection of how I got on the bed or how I came to be naked. I think the man on top of me was one of the men who had been sitting at the table because there was only two men there.
81. I saw both their faces while we were sitting downstairs but I can't recall the man's face in the bedroom. It's too foggy in my mind. I just remember it feeling really heavy and trying to move to get away.
82. As the years have gone on, it has seemed to me to be some kind of conspiracy, starting with **GHK** **GHJ** and then the grouse beating. It was the same story of them telling me to behave. When I went to the grouse beating, I hadn't noticed but **GHI** had a big parcel with my clothes inside so he could have known. In terms of **GHK** and **GHJ** there must have been some communication there because I had been going to the paint shop for a month and nothing had happened.

83. When I got back to Kibble, no one asked me any questions. I left Kibble after exactly one year. I'm quite confused about months. I think the grouse beating took place in the summer time. Before leaving, I was taken into the governor's office and told that I was leaving and that I had to behave myself.

Leaving Kibble

84. When I left Kibble, I was free. I went back home to my sister [REDACTED] house. About a month later I was in trouble again. I was still only sixteen. Before being sentenced at Glasgow Magistrates' Court, I went to Barlinnie on remand for a short period of time. It was only a couple of weeks. They didn't have places to put boys in those days. When I went back to court, I was sentenced to a maximum of two years in a borstal. I think it was for breaking into a shop and resisting arrest.
85. Before being sent to Polmont, I went to a place called Friarton in Perth from Barlinnie. It was like a military camp. We had to make a bed block which was inspected every day. It was harsh discipline.
86. When you first went, you were allocated to a house. Either Douglas, Rothesay, Bruce or Wallace House. Bruce House was for the less intelligent boys, Wallace was for the tough guys and Rothesay was for the clever ones. I was sent to Rothesay House. I was given the job of cleaning the governor's office. It was considered the best job you could get in the prison because you could collect lots of cigarette butts out of the bin.
87. The whole ten weeks at Friarton was abuse but it was good in the way it made you disciplined. It was really hard but I felt healthy and strong. We were running and lifting weights every day. The staff timed us. You had to improve on your time every day. It was competitive. You had to march and say "excuse me Sir". It was like a real military camp.
88. One guy in the gym would get us in a circle, he would stand in the middle and swing a baseball bat head level so we had to duck, then he would swing it leg level and we

had to jump over it. Somebody wouldn't be able to do it and we would just laugh. Sometimes the same guy would hit you with the bat if you weren't quick enough but that was about it.

89. It was different to anything I had known before and it made me have real respect for things like my shoes because you had to polish them and your shirt and trousers had to be pressed. We had formation marching in the yard outside. I didn't see anyone being beaten up. It was more like a form of discipline.

HMYOI Polmont, Polmont

90. Polmont was well organised. The guards were alright. Although some of them were a bit more disciplinarian. I didn't see any physical or sexual abuse. However, I did hear some rumours of boys sexually abusing each other. The guy would be beat up whether it was true or not. I left Polmont in 1967. I was seventeen.

Life after being in care

91. I got married when I was nineteen but I just couldn't seem to find peace or settled in my own mind. After a while, I told my wife I was going to get a job. I told her I would send for her once I got a job. In 1975, I ended up going to London. I met another guy and ended up taking drugs. I decided to travel to Holland with him. While I was there I took more drugs and hitchhiked to Belgium, Paris, the South of France and Spain. Before I knew, eight months had passed. I came home and apologised to my wife. However, my marriage broke up. I headed back to London. At that time, the London scene was full of punk rock and rock 'n' roll. I was smoking a lot of cannabis. I then started injecting morphine and I just seemed to get a bit lost.
92. In about 1978, I saw an advertisement in the newspaper which was looking for painters to go and work in Saudi Arabia. I went for an interview in Kings Cross in London and got the job. I was sent to Belgium and then I was off to Saudi Arabia. I was making so

much money there that I didn't know what to do with it. You didn't get any of it, it went straight into your bank account.

93. After three months of working there, they paid for a trip anywhere you wanted to go in the world. I decided to go to India. I went meditating and going to gurus. I thought it was the 'road to enlightenment' but it was a contradiction because I was smoking so much marijuana. I fell into heavy drugs and went on a downward spiral for years. I had money and I didn't need to think about it. I went travelling in Thailand, Hong Kong, Korea and Taiwan. I stayed in the Philippines for five years. One day, I decided that it was time to go home. I had two sons in Glasgow but I hadn't seen them over the years. I bought gifts to take home for them.
94. My oldest son was sixteen by the time I returned to Scotland. I met both my sons and started speaking to them. I went back to Asia. I thought my oldest son might like to come travelling with me. I sent money and met my son [REDACTED] in Asia. I took him to the Philippines, Hong Kong, Thailand, Nepal, India and Burma. He loved it. After about a year, I asked my other son to come and visit me. I took him on a trip with me. I was smuggling cannabis at the time. We took the ship from Shanghai to Japan. He returned home.
95. I invited my other son back out again on another trip. I took him to Pakistan. I was caught with the cannabis while on the trip. During my police interrogation, I was shown films of people being shot by firing squads in fields. I was terrified. I was sentenced to fifteen years in prison. I served twelve years and four months of my sentence in a Chinese prison. When I came out of prison, I thought it had made me a better person.
96. When I came out of prison, I lived in different places, one of which was Cambodia. I live in Indonesia now. I came here because I couldn't stand the corruption I saw in Cambodia. I had opened an art gallery there but I couldn't stand the abuse I witnessed. There were children and women being sold and it affected me deeply.

97. I went back to Glasgow but I found it depressing. I met a girl online and came over to Indonesia to meet her. We got on well. I came back to Glasgow but I was taking drugs and found myself in a cycle of drug abuse. I couldn't get out of it.
98. I contacted the girl in Indonesia again and went out to meet her. I went to Jakarta and met her family. I wanted to get married so that I could get a permanent visa because I didn't want to live in Glasgow. I converted to Islam and got married. I know it isn't very romantic. The relationship was good but I ended the relationship about a year ago. I felt that that I was too old for her.
99. I no longer use drugs or drink alcohol. I find living in Indonesia a form of escape from drugs. It would be harder to go looking for it. I have lived here for seven years now and I feel settled.

Impact

100. I find it very difficult to have a relationship. I always feel that I'm running away from something. When I got into drugs, it numbed everything. I think, in some sense, I have always run away from my past. I can't seem to connect. I don't think I have ever loved anybody. I get on well with people but I feel disconnected from other people. I find physical warmth difficult. I feel like inside there is a detachment. I think it stems from not having any connection with my mother or father. There was abuse in our home and there was no love there. I didn't ever get a cuddle or affection. It felt as though I had been selected or picked on and blackmailed in Kibble. It was more personal. I didn't think about it at the time but it has affected me in the years after.
101. When I was in Cambodia, I started to get intrusive thoughts and felt angry. There was so much going on there in terms of child abuse. It reminded me of my time at Kibble, of being abused and not being able to do anything about it. I think it brought back the abuse which I had hidden deep inside for years. It took me to places mentally that I didn't want to go. Sometimes, on a rare occasion, the smell of paint can transport back to Kibble.

102. I don't trust authority. I think my lack of trust is a combination of my childhood and what happened in Kibble. I carried the burden for years and years.

103. I haven't spoken about it to anyone or reported it to the police.

Treatment/support

104. I was sent by the Department of Work and Pensions to be assessed regarding my fitness to work. I told them that I had been in prison in China for twelve years. I was told that I have Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. I wasn't sure what it was so I researched it. I haven't received any counselling.

Records

105. I started making enquiries about my time in care. I contacted the Scottish Government Redress Scheme and I explained the names of the places I had been in care and gave the names of all my family members. I was sent a record of the places I had been. They must have gone into the archives.

106. I got in touch with Inquiry because something was mentioned **Secondary Institutions - to be p**
Secondary Institutions on a social media page. People were talking about their different experiences on this page. I contacted the Inquiry. I started questioning whether I wanted to talk about these things and gave it some thought. Eventually I sent a message and we started corresponding which lead to a meeting.

107. I received one page of paper from an organisation when I applied for redress from the Scottish Government with my name on it and my two brothers' names. The only information on it was the year of my admission into care.

108. I received compensation and an apology from the Scottish Government Redress Scheme.

Lessons to be Learned

109. I think it would have helped to have had visitors from external places coming to see us on a monthly basis. It would have been helpful for them to be a specially trained person from a different agency or department.
110. I contacted the Inquiry because someone else might benefit from me sharing my experiences.
111. I would like to recite a poem I have written which conveys my childhood experiences:

Broken Glass Panes

*Broken Glass panes, greetin' weans, moans and groans, aches and pains,
stenches seeping through the drains, the scars of life leaves it stains,*

*Broken glass panes, sisters brothers, one room Glasgow flat, our need to share
with one another's, remember fighting with the pillows, ma was yellin' she's gonnae to
kill us, reading comics til it was late and the scars from love are great.*

Other information

112. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

Signed..........

Dated.....14 December 2021.....

